

## The Journal and Courier

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE OLDEST DAILY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CONNECTICUT.

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THE WEEKLY JOURNAL, Issued Thursdays, One Dollar a Year.

THE CARRINGTON PUBLISHING CO. OFFICE 400 STATE STREET.

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We cannot accept anonymous or return rejected communications. In all cases the name of the writer will be required, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

One of the interesting things to be seen at Atlanta, Georgia, outside of the exhibition is a house said to be constructed entirely of paper from foundation to chimney. Georgians say this is the only house of the kind in the country.

Two energetic young women are employed by Uncle Sam in Brooklyn as deputy collectors of internal revenue. They are Miss Lucie Ball and Miss Mabel Butler, and their names were the first of their sex to be entered on the government payrolls as deputy collectors of internal revenue.

The trolley party notion has been so popular in Brooklyn that the Brooklyn trolley company has ordered cars for this service in winter, which are to be so sumptuously furnished and the interior so conveniently arranged that they will be in demand for cold weather. The company requires that the builders shall turn them out with electric heaters and the finest possible arrangement of lights and seats.

The late William Minot, of Boston, preserved a bottle of Madeira which had belonged to his father, William Minot, the secretary of the Harvard class of 1802, and the bottle is now in the possession of William Minot, the third of the name, who was graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1888. The wine is apparently in excellent condition, and it is to be kept until 1902, when it will be drunk to the health of the class in whose year it was bottled.

The oil fever is spreading rapidly and increasing in virulence in California and other far western States, and all the incidents of speculating in options and prospects that characterized the craze in the eastern fields years ago are being reproduced there. Oil prospecting is going on all over the coast country, and some notable strikes have been made, particularly in California. The oil fields of Fullerton, Orange county, are said to be especially productive.

Mr. Gladstone no longer reads the lessons at the parish church at Hawarden, nor do the infirmities of advancing age permit his longer attending the daily matins. He is, however, frequently to be seen at weekday evenings and worship regularly on Sunday mornings and evenings with children and grandchildren gathered around him. The grand old man's face shows signs of age, but his marvelous vitality finds its more effective expression in his voice, which is as fine as when his owner was in the prime of life.

One of the latest electrical inventions is a figure of a man worked by the current. Tonawanda has one which drags a cart about the streets, and a Brooklyn clothing dealer has two which are used as models. When it rains they are pointed for the store door and set going, with the result that the suits have no time to shrink. The firm which manufactures them uses the power generated by Niagara Falls, and expects to make one which will run by storage batteries and carry a phonograph stored away in its internal economy.

A man from Birmingham, Georgia, tells in the Atlanta Constitution of a very effective way in which the anti-bloomer enthusiasts of that city checked and forever killed the growth of the craze in that up-to-date city. So far, it seems, none but young girls have appeared publicly in bloomers but it became whispered around that some of the young women were having them constructed. Thereupon the anti-bloomers secured the services of an enormous negro, whom they dressed in a grotesque bloomer costume, consisting of a red waist, blue trousers, with a broad white stripe down the sides and bright yellow hose. This ridiculous figure has been made to parade the streets on a bicycle for several days past, perspiring at every pore. She has served, it is said, to forever kill the bloomer craze in the Magic city.

In a recent address to an African Methodist conference, the Rev. Dr. Coffin, a prominent negro preacher of Philadelphia, said: "We do not ask for social rights. There is no such thing."

In every walk of life there are grades of society. I ask no man to invite me to his parlor, but I do ask him to invite me to his workshop. I do not ask for social rights. I ask for a job of work. Every colored man should have three things. They are a Bible, a spelling-book and a bank-book. Without these we are weak indeed. We simply ask an equal chance with the foreman. We ask that the white people put us on the spelling-book side." A prominent southern newspaper, commenting upon these words, says that this is the attitude which will lead to the permanent advancement of the negro. Attention is also drawn to the fact that, though the South has frequently been accused of injustice to the negro, it is in truth the section of the country where the colored man has the best opportunity. He is there recognized by organized labor without question, and all the trades are there freely open to him if he will learn them. In this respect the paper says the prejudice against the negro is nothing like as strong in the South as it is in the other parts of the country.

## AN INTERESTING DICKER.

The latest arrangement to swap United States dollars for an English title has set the whole world talking—that is, the whole world that can read and that cares for the swapping of dollars and titles. There will be some difference of opinion concerning which of the swappers will have the best of the dicker. The Duke of Marlborough will have a fine young woman of good American make, with foreign finish, and he will have a fine pile of dollars of American make that are only waiting to have their foreign finish. Without thinking twice many will hastily say that the duke will have by far the best of the deal. But hold on! Just notice for a minute what Miss Vanderbilt will have. She will have Charles Richard John Spencer-Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, Marquis of Blandford, Earl of Sunderland, Earl of Marlborough, Brown-Spencer of Worleighton and Brown-Churchill of Sandbridge, Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, Prince of Mindelheim in Swabia and Lieutenant in the Oxford Hussars, for one thing. She will have the title of Duchess and she will be tenth in the line when she walks with her duke in the line of dukes and duchesses. And she will have the supreme satisfaction of being considerably nearer the throne than any other United States woman who has managed to get into the line of dukes and duchesses. What more can she want? When such things as these can be bought for money is it extravagant to buy them?

## A GOOD BEGINNING.

The Englishmen are not all such "quitters" as Lord Dunraven, and it has been evident that some of them have had hard work to keep from expressing their honest opinion of his performance. Some of the real English sportsmen are unwilling to leave international yachting in the shape he has left it in, and so they have promptly begun negotiations for another yacht race. They show the spirit that animates them by their announcement that the challenge will be absolutely unconditional.

Good! The people of this country will heartily approve such a challenge and its prompt acceptance in the spirit in which it is offered. They don't want any such victory as that of Defender. They would prefer a good, square defeat. But, all the same, they don't expect it. They have unbending confidence in Yankee ingenuity and the American eagle.

The Distant Shore is to be the rather awkward name of the next English yacht that will try to rule the wave. It is not known yet whether or not Defender will be put against her, but as Defender has shown herself to be a pretty fair sailer it is probable that she will have another trial. If she does more confidence will be felt in her than there was before the big fizzle. The English had us well scared, and the result was all the more ridiculous on that account.

The Prince of Wales is said to be taking a hand in the new deal. So far the proceedings are certainly of the royal order, and they will undoubtedly be royally responded to. A fair race, with no jockeying, quibbling, or squabbling, is what is wanted. Everybody has had enough of the Lord Dunraven idea of sport. Of course the people of this country will expect to see The Distant Shore become The Distanced Shore, but if the distancing happens to be on the other leg there will be no grumbling.

## ENCOURAGING.

It really begins to look as if this country wouldn't have to hold the bag for the foreign gold-grabbers much longer this time. It has certainly had to hold it much longer than was pleasant or profitable, and a rest will be much appreciated. There has been a great change in the situation since the beginning of last week, when even well-informed financiers were expecting more large shipments of gold. But they have not been made, and the indications now are that they will not be. Much mysterious nonsense in explanation of this change is going the rounds, but a clear and reasonable explanation of it is given by a member of the late bond syndicate, who said yesterday: The fact of the matter is that the fall of exchange was due to the in-

crease of the rate for "call" money in New York and the increasing offerings of commercial bills. As soon as the rate for money went up drawers of bankers' exchange cables to their correspondents in London asking whether they should cover their "short" exchange or keep the money here. The reply was that the money might be retained here, which was, in effect the same as making a sterling loan. Exchange fell, and of course all those who were short quickly took advantage of the decline and covered as much as possible.

The rate for "call" money yesterday in New York was 2 per cent., and many loans that were marked up to 2½ per cent. last week still remain at that figure, the expectation being that the rate will increase this week. Although the rate for "call" money is still much below what the New York bankers would like to see it, yet it is believed it is high enough, as compared with the prevailing rate in London, to prevent the further shipment of gold.

## FASHION NOTES.

**The Philosophy of Odds and Ends.** All sorts of ornate trimming of combination of fur, jet and spangles are being shown. If you have, perhaps, a lot of old fur, or a fur garment that is fit only to be stripped into ribbons, then you might take advantage of the fashion and so make use of the work pelt, but it seems a shame to put fresh money into these elaborate combinations of what, after all, are certainly no better than odds and ends. It's all right to make use of one's own odds and ends, especially when fashion backs up the process, but it doesn't seem right to buy other folk's bits, and at a high price, too.

These glittering ornaments are to be an important factor in trimmings, and they are to be used so liberally that they will constitute a big item in the cost of such a dress as that pictured here. The dark green silk of the bodice



is embroidered with gold spangles and yellow silk, and four gold buttons are placed on the belt, which with the square pleated yoke, collar and sleeves are of plain silk. With this is worn a skirt of dull green woolen stuff, and a green felt hat garnished with ivory satin ribbon.

The good taste that has reigned so long in foot-gear is to give way to freakishness, and we shall have stockings of one color and shoes and slippers of another. All sorts of openwork and embroidery will add to the attractiveness of the alien web that women will draw over their pretty feet, and in some cases the stockings seem far too delicate and elaborate to withstand the wear of necessary cleaning and washing, then vulgarly lurks. To be sure, professional cleaners carry on a weekly sort of department where clothes are put through a cleaning, and many women patronize such departments regularly, still it seems far more sensible to wear stockings that are less delicate and to feel them nice and clean from home suds each week. FLORETTE.

## SECRETS.

Do not tell secrets to people on an ocean voyage. They can never keep anything to themselves.—Life.

"Why don't you marry that girl? She is a real pearl." "Ah, yes, but I don't like the mother of pearl."—Fleg-end Blatter.

"Shay, what's er time?" "Can't you see that clock up there?" "Yep; shee both—hic—of—m; but it is a m—hic—p. m."—Chicago Record.

Jones—There is one thing worse than dying. Brown—What is that? Jones—Living until all the people you can borrow from are dead.—Truth.

Mrs. Higbee—The doctors say it is unhealthy to sleep in the daytime. Higbee—I shall have to give up going to church, then.—Albany Journal.

He—Will you marry me, She—Certainly. He—Thanks. I was afraid you were going to say it was too sudden. She—It couldn't be.—Washington Star.

Created the Necessity.—"Say, Smith's got a box in a safety deposit vault." "What's he got in it?" "The receipt for the rent of the box."—Chicago Record.

"I don't see much difference between your sacred concert programs and your secular concert programs." "The sacred concerts are given on Sunday."—Life.

"My congregation don't believe in free silver," sighed the country parson, as he sadly noted the large number of copper pennies in the collection basket.—Truth.

Quite at Home.—"Is that performer familiar with your music?" she asked at the concert. "He must be," replied the composer, who was writhing. "He takes such liberties with it."—Washington Star.

able to get away before he got up."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I can't remember where I put my glasses," said Duncombe. "Have you looked for them?" asked Mrs. Duncombe. "No; but I will as soon as I find them," said Duncombe. "I can't see well enough without them to look now."—Harper's Bazar.

Young Man—I assure you, sir, I look forward longingly to the union with your daughter. Girl's Father—Ah, well, that is a candid confession, anyhow. She'll certainly bring you there if she's half as extravagant as I've allowed her to be.—Household Words.

Mr. Kneer (who is reading a magazine article)—They must have had some pretty tough times in Richmond during the war. This article says that boots cost \$150 a pair, blankets \$200, a good horse \$800, a cow \$950, coffee \$25 a pound, tea \$100, and—Mrs. Kneer—What did you say? Mr. Kneer—Let me see. Yes, here it is. "A plain black velvet bonnet sold for \$175." Mrs. Kneer—And yet you made an awful fuss when I wanted to buy a bonnet the other day for only \$38!—Chicago Tribune.

Woman's Dress in a Mohammedan Harem.

[From the London Queen.] An account of a visit I paid to the zenana or harem of a Mohammedan Nawab in a native state may not be without interest.

A carriage and mounted escort of soldiers were sent at eight o'clock one morning to convey us to the castle. A gate in the immense walls of the compound led us into the ill-kept garden, passing from these into the court-yard and through long colonnades and untidy passages, we were conducted finally to the zenana. A large and lofty room, with walls on three sides and a colonnade opening on to a court-yard, was the apartment in which we were received. Chairs were brought for our accommodation, but, with the exception of the matting on the floor, the place was without furniture.

Women, some young and tall, others old and wrinkled, passed and repassed while we waited for the women to appear. They were all dressed in the same fashion. Trousers of light-colored damasks or satin clothed them from the waist. These pantaloons were baggy above, but so close fitting from the knee downward that they have to be sewn up after they are on. They are unsewn and removed once a week for the bath. A short bodice reaching just below the breast is worn, and then round the body and over the shoulders and head is wound the sari of muslin or silk, which falls in graceful folds from the hips and shoulders. The Begum kept us waiting, and we were told the reason was that she was putting on all her jewels to do us honor.

Presently she came in—a small, young woman, with an oval, immobile face, and smooth, black hair. She wore tight trousers of rich green damask and a scarf of cloth of gold; on her bare ankles were anklets of uncut emeralds and diamonds, said to be worth forty thousand rupees; on her arms were a large number of jeweled bangles and armlets; on her fingers rings of beautiful rubies and diamonds; round her neck were strings of large pearls, and, suspended by studs of large diamonds in the center rim of the ears, she wore across the hair, at the back of the head, pearls, emeralds and rubies, prettily set as a kind of collar. The ears were pierced in several places to allow rings and jewels to be inserted, and in the nose a small diamond was worn. The little jeweled lady did not speak English, and after we had admired her jewelry, conversation soon came to an end.

Her wee baby was brought in dressed in colored silk, with a gold lace cap on its little bald head. The Nawab joined us, and there was much lively chat over the object of our visit to the state. In such a zenana the most rigorous seclusion of the wives is enforced—wives, I say, for in this zenana the Begum was chief, and the only wife, and was married the day after the death of the first Begum.

## The Devil's Pump and McSwenny's Gun.

[From the St. Louis Republic.]

One of the greatest combinations of natural and artificial curiosities on the coast of California is called the Devil's Pump. The pholas, or shell miners, species of mollusk which excavate immense caverns in the very hardest stone, have tunneled the entire coast in the vicinity of the pump. Water rushes into these caverns with each succeeding tide flow, and in this particular case finds vent through a cylindrical opening some distance from the water's edge. It is estimated that this hole, which connects with the sea cavern, is seventy-five to one hundred feet in depth. Every time the tide rushes into the cavern beneath the "pump," thousands of gallons of water are forced up to the height of a full one hundred feet above the mouth of the opening. The Indians formerly called it by a name which signified "fairly water gun," but the irreverent white man have given it the title of the "Devil's Pump," and by that name it will probably be known to future generations.

There is a singular curiosity near Horn Head, county Donegal, Ireland, where a hole in the rocks is called McSwenny's Gun. Like the California oddity, it is on the seacoast, and has connections with a submarine cavern. When the north wind blows and the sea is at "half flood," the wind and waves enter the cavern and send up immense columns of water through the "gun." Travelers who have visited Horn Head and vicinity say that each charge of water sent from the "gun" is accompanied by an explosion that can be heard for miles.

## SOME PLAIN FIGURES.

A Waste of Food Product That Needs Only to be Understood to be Appreciated.

[From the Chicago Daily Tribune.]

A spare, nervous-looking man, arrayed in a rusty suit of black and carrying a small valise in his hand, went into one of the leading hotels and addressed himself to the clerk. "I see you use a raw potato as a pen-wiper," he observed.

"Yes," replied the hotel clerk, who

happened to be at leisure and in a mood to be gracious. "It is as good as anything else, and keeps the pen from corroding."

"Have you ever made an estimate," asked the stranger, leaning forward and speaking in a confidential tone, "of the probable effect of the general adoption of the potato as a pen-wiper, or rather a pen-sticker?"

"I don't think I have," said the clerk. "It is worth your while, sir," rejoined the man in black, speaking earnestly and hurriedly.

"There are in this town to-day probably not less than two hundred hotels that habitually use potatoes to stick their pens in. Each one takes a fresh potato every morning. That uses up two hundred potatoes a day. In a bushel there are about one hundred potatoes of the size of this one you are using. That makes two bushels a day, or seven hundred and thirty bushels a year. Do you begin to see?"

"My friend—"

"Wait a moment. That is merely the beginning. I have spoken only of the hotels. The use of the potato as a pen-sticker is growing constantly. It is spreading to mercantile establishments. Imagine what will be the consequence when the hotels and stores, and offices of this town use up one hundred thousand selected potatoes every day! Think of it! The enormous total of thirty-six, five hundred thousand potatoes, or three hundred and sixty-five thousand bushels in one year, in Chicago alone! And every blamed potato gone to waste! A potato, sir, is no good when it is stuck full of ink. It is rendered absolutely valueless. Imagine if you can—"

"Say, are you?"

"No, sir, I am not Mayor Pingree in disguise. I am a plain citizen, with a head for figures to show for it. With a view of doing what one can to prevent a custom thoughtlessly and inadvertently adopted from becoming a national calamity," he proceeded, opening his valise, "I have invented a little arrangement for relief from pen-wiper paper. I call it the Comprehensive Pen-wiper. It is, as you see, very much more ornamental than a potato. It is cheaper. It involves no waste of a useful food product. Renewed once a week it will last a year, at a total expense of—"

"I don't want it."

"At a total expense, I was about to say—"

"I don't care what the expense is. I don't want it."

"You don't, hey?"

"No. I wouldn't have a car load of them as a gift."

"Oh, you wouldn't! You don't care how soon there comes a shortage in the potato crop and the price runs up to ten dollars a bushel! That's the sort of man you are, is it? You're willing to go ahead and plunge the country into a potato famine, are you? Rather than spend twenty-five cents for a useful invention you'd see the whole darned country starve, would you? A man, sir, that will stand right up in the face of facts and statistics—a man that can't be reached by figures and doesn't care for figures—is a man, sir, that would have committed the crime of 1873 if he'd had the chance. That's all, sir."

He put the Comprehensive Pen-wiper back in his valise, shut the latter with a loud snap, and with a look of lordly scorn strode away.

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure.  
A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food report. Royal Baking Powder Co., 108 Wall street, New York.

**BAND CONCERT COMMITTEE.**  
The special committee on band concerts will hold a meeting in Room 14, City Hall, on Wednesday, Sept. 26th, 1895, at 8 p.m. for the purpose of considering in reference to the erection of a band stand on the old green.

All persons interested in the foregoing are hereby notified to appear and be heard thereon without further notice.

For order, JAMES H. PARISH, Chairman, EDWARD A. STREET, Assistant City Clerk.

**COMPRESSED AIR Carpet Cleaning Works.** WILLIAM F. KNAFF & CO., Proprietors.

106 Court St., New Haven, Ct. Work done at short notice.

## IF

You need any Underwear to "patch up" for Fall,

SEE

The broken lots at 50 Cents Per garment, at

Chase & Company

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WILLIAM H. CHAPMAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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OFFICES: New Haven, 70 CHURCH ST. Springfield, 317 MAIN ST.

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THE ONLY GENUINE Sweet Caporal Cigarettes  
Beware of Imitations  
Do not be deceived by imitations of name, package or cigarette.  
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**Yale Men, BUY OF US.**  
THE BOWDITCH FURNITURE CO., 100 to 106 Orange Street. Open Monday and Saturday evenings.

Liberal Discount to YALE MEN.

100 to 106 Orange Street.

Open Monday and Saturday evenings.

District of New Haven, ss. Probate Court, 1st September 1895. In said district, deceased.

Upon the application of Alvin D. Somers, of Orange, in said district, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, as principal, and by the applicant and others, as sureties, as by said application more fully appears, it is

ORDERED—That said application be heard and determined at a Probate court to be held at New Haven in said district, on the 26th day of September, A. D. 1895, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and that notice be given of the pending of said application and the time and place of hearing thereon, by publishing this order three times in some newspaper having a circulation in said district, and that further notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to Eliza A. Somers, William F. Somers, Harry D. Somers, Addie D. Somers, Addie D. Somers, or at their usual places of abode, a true and attested copy of this order, on or before September 21st, 1895, and by depositing in the postoffice at New Haven, sealed, postage prepaid and letter registered, on or before said date, a like copy of this order addressed to Elmer E. Somers, corner of Third and Elm streets, Brooklyn, New York, and by depositing in like manner, in said postoffice, on or before said date, a like copy of this order addressed to Dr. Frederick M. Wilson, No. 31 State street, Bridgeport, Connecticut, and by depositing in like manner, in said postoffice, on or before said date, a like copy of this order addressed to Mrs. Carrie A. Wilson, No. 31 State street, Bridgeport, Connecticut, and by making due return thereof to this court.

By order of court, JOHN CURRIER GALLAGHER, Clerk.

## NOTICE.

The Board of Assessors of the town of New Haven will be in session at their room, No. 8, City Hall, from Oct. 1st to Nov. 1st, inclusive, for the purpose of receiving tax lists, as per law provided.

CHARLES A. BALDWIN, WILLIAM F. SHANNON, EDWARD F. MERRILL, OSCAR P. IVES, Assessors.

## COMMITTEE ON ORDINANCES.

The Committee on Ordinances will meet in Room 16, City Hall, on Wednesday, Sept. 25, 1895, at 8 p.m., for the purpose of considering the following matters:

Proposed amendment to Section 302 of the Charter and Ordinances of the City of New Haven relating to the laying or relaying of brick sidewalks.

Report of the special committee on street sprinkling in reference to assessments, etc.

All persons interested in any of the foregoing are hereby notified to appear and be heard thereon without further notice.

For order, JAMES H. PARISH, Chairman, EDWARD A. STREET, Assistant City Clerk.

## EARLE &amp; SEYMOUR,

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868 Chapel Street,

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

WILLIAM H. CHAPMAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Solicitor of and Counselor in PATENTS. Eight Year Examiner in U.S. Patent Office.

OFFICES: New Haven, 70 CHURCH ST. Springfield, 317 MAIN ST.

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F. M. BROWN & CO.

GRAND CENTRAL SHOPPING EMPORIUM.

F. M. BROWN. D. S. GAMBLE.

F. M. BROWN & CO.

Two Yale Men

Leaving our stores yesterday after a critical examination of room furnishings said:

"The best for the lowest price in the city."

Now we are modest and dislike quoting this about ourselves, but it is a fact nevertheless.

When the "just entered" occupy later on in life the positions of railroad presidents, etc., they will find that the question of cost and how to keep the cost at ebb tide is what will earn for them large salaries.

That is the key of success to our business.

We understand Yale men's needs and buy accordingly!

We understand the bitter competition focalized on these gentlemen to draw them and their money, and, understanding all this, we invite the competition.

Suppose you come in and see how well we can do for you!

F. M. Brown & Co.

For the Katch-up and Pickling Season.

FRESH SUPPLY

Strictly Pure Spices,

Ground expressly for our trade.

WHOLE SPICES,

Sixteen different kinds, mixed especially for PICKLES.

Goodwin's Tea & Coffee Store,

344 State Street,

Yale National Bank Building.

A COLD DAY

Is coming when it will be so cold that our

\$3

Will be as welcome as a loving bridegroom!

Of course we have others, and we have miles of lovely Carpets and houses full of Furniture.

Cash or on Easy Payments